

The Crafty maids Approbation

Wherein she shoves either black or brown
Tis money makes them strait go down;
When pritty girls that gold has none
Their Fortunes still to lye alone.

To the Tune of, *A Fig for France.*



Didst thou hear to me young girls so fine
Whom had means & Portions like to mine,
If paine but hear what I have pen'd
I will make you smile before I end:
I once had a sweet heart fair and young
Tho now from me he's fled and gone;
But I'll tell you a very good reason why
'Twas money did part my Love and I.

When first to me a loving he came
He did desire to know my name,
I told him my means was small
He said he valued none at all:
So that my labour he could win
He valued nothing else a pin,
But now he's gone and I know why
'Twas money &c.

Yet for three years his love did last
And he vow'd for ever it should last
But when my friends spoke of the time
When he was for another dame:
Except so much money they'd give
No wife for him I must not be:
Did you see he clearly did deny
So money did part, &c.

Thus maids may see so may I too
It is for money that young men woo
Who great store of love they do pretend
Yet mark what falls out in the end:
When they find your Portions small
I like to a snake from you they'll crawl
And to another straight they'll go
So money did part, &c.

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The great store of love they do promise
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Yet had I a head like a horse
Or a body as thick as a mill-post
So burthens came tumbling in,
Then my labour every soul wou'd win:
Or was I long-shaured like a sow
Or else croak backt like our fine Cote
Wade at her then these boys would cry
She's money enough, and what care I.

Young men don't blush you know 'tis true
For let her rumble Mary or Sue,
Tho' she was halber, yet she hear-eth
Yet money all these faults will hide
Say were she the nastiest thingest that
That a man could see, when her crack a But
Had she but money hand as I have
I'm sure she would not stick long a hand

Yet we whose portions are but small
Let us not be disdain'd at all
Neither let us grieve, lament nor swoon
For beauties worth a thousand pound:
Hang though my first true love be gone
I'll be the same face for another man.
And it is prove himself till I dye
Tho' money, &c.

If two young men talk of a wench
As they do sit at an Ale-bench
She's a good huswife the one repl; as
But has the money the other cries:
If she has none she's not for me
Give me the Cash hang huswife
I love to singe that for why
Twas money did part my Love and I.

By this young girls may plainly see
How deceitful these young men be
They'll search a maid from top to toe
Till all her secrets they do know:
Then if her mams don't please his mind
He quickly can turn like the wind
I must have a wife with more he'l co
So money, &c.

Such affection tells that young man bent
How often calls on his heart
Such words as shall be made his known
But now he hath chosen quite another:
But since he's gone long for me
His flight has more than he was
He no'r lament may woe may cry
Tho' money, &c.

I am full glad we parted in cruch
For sure I hear he's a cold-grain'd cruch
But had he prob'd true though he's so here
In wealth as now I'm hear a there
But now I'm free I'll let the time
And ne'r think more to be a Wille
After's nothing like to I'd say
Since money, &c.

What have I told young maidens all
How the wench must go to the wall
But she that is full of her purse will bring
She shall have more hearts come bring bang
Yes no matter for mending my sense
So she has but Cash he'll have the wench
Black as broken he looks not a fly eye
Twas money did part my Love & I.

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